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A LOST FRIEND

I wish there could have been—
Strong, loyal, innocent —
But one hour long ago,
The you I thought to be.
  High watch on things unseen,
  Grave honor, pure intent—
  The soul I thought to know
  Gave all these things to me.

I could have made a grave
For that immortal hour,
For that immortal friend,
Still through my whole life mine.
  Purple and gold would wave
  Thought-flower, passion-flower,
  Above it, to the end
  Comforting-place and shrine.

But where your image stood
Oh, there was never you!
(My heart, whence it is gone,
Feels a tired, empty pain).
  You were a dream, a mood,
  Dim, wavering, untrue;
  A ghost that passed at dawn
  And will not come again.